

# SUNDAY HERALD MAGAZINE SECTION

SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1948.

The Czech Consul-General In Sydney Who Recently Resigned Says

## IT IS BETTER TO DIE THAN TO BECOME A SLAVE

For centuries the Czechoslovakian people fought for their freedom against German and Austro-Hungarian oppressors who exploited the wealth of their country.

Thomas Masaryk, who had experienced the misery of the German yoke before the first world war, knew the pricelessness of freedom, and when he drew up a constitution for the new Republic after World War I he took every precaution to ensure complete liberty for the individual.

Now all of Masaryk's great work has been undone because Czechoslovakia has become a Communist dictatorship.

Thomas Masaryk was a great admirer of the western form of democracy, and when he became first President of the Czechoslovakian Republic in 1921 he embodied in the constitution the western principles of freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, and freedom of political belief.

The new Republic also adopted the principle that all people have equal rights, irrespective of race, religion, or wealth.

The Czechoslovakians welcomed their first real taste of democracy, and in the period between the two world wars Masaryk's success was reflected in the prosperity of his country.

New industries flourished and the old ones were rejuvenated.

### Practical Democracy

Education was free for all, and from our schools and universities came men of international repute in the arts and sciences.

Czechoslovakia was held up to the world as an example of practical democracy.

Within a few years of breaking away from German domination the Czech people were well dressed, well fed, and decently housed.

They were free to go where they liked, do what they liked as long as they did not break the law.

They could keep pace with events throughout the world by consulting their own newspapers or dozens of foreign journals which were allowed to circulate freely within the country.

Particularly important, they could say what they liked, and, because the Czechoslovakians are by nature a cri-

tical people, they often had plenty to say about the administration of their country's affairs.

It was not a crime to make a complaint. In Parliament the people had representatives whose duty it was to act on their suggestions.

The Republic's trouble first started on the eve of World War II when our

### By Karol Tokoly

new President, Dr. Benes, found that he could not combat the outside influences which were encouraging a minority to threaten our constitution.

#### Back From Exile

Dr. Benes resigned and the country was over-run. After the war it was due to Dr. Benes' efforts that the name of Czechoslovakia was again included in the map of Europe.

Back from exile in England, Dr. Benes formed a new Government and once again established the democratic constitution.

But before long he discovered that an element in the country, encouraged from outside, thought that there was one fault in Masaryk's constitution—it made no provision for certain foreign Powers to dominate the life of the people.

Dr. Benes was summoned to Moscow, where he was handed a list of Cabinet Ministers whom he was asked to accept, unless he wanted to risk bloodshed and disorder in Czechoslovakia.

The pressure was too much for Dr. Benes. He capitulated, and the Communists gained control.

That was my Czechoslovakia as I knew it. This is how I see it now.

Once in power the Communists launched a programme of nationalisation of industry, placed members of their own party in charge of most factories, and captured control of the police force.

Then they deliberately set about provoking public discontent with the democratic form of government by or-

dering their factory managers to withhold supplies and blaming the shortages on the Opposition.

When members of the Opposition objected against these tactics on the



Karol Tokoly

ground that they were unconstitutional, the police force attempted to discredit them by charging them with treachery or espionage for Western Powers.

Finally the Opposition resigned because the Minister for the Interior refused to table a report on the activities of the police force, and the way was

cleared for the Communist dictatorship.

Shortly the supplies which have been deliberately withheld will be released as evidence of the superiority of the new Government.

But although supplies of a few commodities may temporarily improve, the country will be ruled by a strict dictatorship, and those who complain will be sent to jail, to the coalmines, or exterminated.

The Press is already heavily censored, but soon every word will be vetted, and liberal foreign publications will be banned.

Anybody in the Government service who is suspected of liberal tendencies will be dismissed and made to work either on the land or in the coalmines.

Our culture will decline, those artists who are lucky will escape from the country and the others will learn to take orders.

### Useless To Protest

It will be useless to protest against this treatment because the police will be issued with warrants without investigation.

Later, commodity production will drop because the Communists, who have been promoted to important posts in industry will prove incompetent.

Jan Masaryk saw this approaching chaos, and, in the only way possible for him, tried to make clear to the outside world the peril which Czechoslovakia faced.

In taking his life he has plainly told us: "It is better to die than to become a slave under the new dictatorship."

## QUICK LOOKS AT BOOKS

*Decadence. A Philosophical Inquiry.* by C. E. M. Joad. (Faber, 12s. 6d.)

Dr. Joad, in one of his more serious moods discusses modern decadence—a word to which he himself chooses to give a somewhat unexpected meaning. The book is full of interesting observations, but covers so wide a field that its discussion of individual points is often rather sketchy.

*I Return to Scotland.* by S. P. B. Mais. (Christopher Johnson, 10s. 6d.)

A literary excursion through Scottish landscapes. Agreeably rambling text, backed up by many pleasant photographs.

*Murder in Oil.* by Joseph Avrach. (Westhouse, 8s. 6d.)

Though policemen have not yet begun to walk two-by-two through Chelsea, artists by inclination are very

seldom law-abiding. Here a gang of sinister bohemians get mixed up in murder.

*Prince Leopold and Anna.* by Laurian Jones. (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.)

The story of a young English girl who leaves her agreeable seaside home to become the mistress of a feudal stronghold and wide estates in Germany. Written with simplicity and restraint. This is a first novel but avoids most of the shortcomings to which young novelists are addicted.

*I Wanted to See.* by Borghild Dahl. (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.)

An unpretentious but moving account of what it is like to be almost blind from childhood. Not to seem "different" was the writer's aim; and thanks to courage and pertinacity she at length achieved her object.



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## Talking about Films

### THE GUINEA STAMP BY FRED MAJDALANY

Recently I touched on the film work of the Central Office of Information, pointing out that C.O.I.'s film-makers are handicapped because their films must primarily please the Government department that orders them.

And often there are whole carpets of sensitive Socialist toes on which the harassed producer must avoid treading, for bureaucracy has its bitter passions and jealousies too.

Hence the faint suggestion of angry Virtue, in mackintosh and goshaws, which has a habit of seeping into many of C.O.I.'s documentaries.

Because it is free from any such control, and therefore able to be wholly objective, and because it is entertaining as well as truthful, I find Mr. Rank's monthly series, *This Modern Age*, to be the most consistently excellent documentary now being produced anywhere in the world.

The 16th issue (*"The British—Are They Artistic?"*) maintains the one-a-month schedule that has been kept up since the series began.

It all started just after the war when Mr. Rank decided that he wanted to bring out a monthly series reflecting the British point of view.

A sort of British "March of Time," he said, but wider in scope. A series covering contemporary themes, midway between the newsreel and the film magazine: a screen "leading article."

A production committee was formed under the chairmanship of George Archibald, who presides paternally over the Rank Organisation's most exclusive company—Independent Producers Ltd.—which contains, in pumpered seclusion, the Rank-sixth-formers, David Lean, Lauder and Gilliat, etc., who make the prestige pictures.

A unit of 60 was formed and Sergei Nolbandov was appointed producer. As Nolbandov is equally experienced in feature films and documentary it is easy to understand why "This Modern Age" has achieved a perfect marriage between entertainment and information.

J. L. Hodson became associate producer and did the writing, assisted first by George Ivan Smith and more recently by Robert Waithman, formerly Diplomatic Correspondent of the News Chronicle.

Five whole-time researchers are kept busy digging up material for these pictures. The amount they produce for a single subject often gives the editors a week's hard reading.

The final 2,000ft. of film you see is boiled down from about 40,000ft.

"This Modern Age" claims to be objective, and will not interfere with its facts to please anyone.

Americans have told the producers: "You are lucky not to be worried by pressure-groups. We would not be allowed to say that, or that, or that."

One of the best issues was about Palestine. Zionists wanted six lines removed. Arabs asked if shots of the Mufti reviewing German soldiers and being chummy with Hitler could be cut. The answer was "No" in both cases.

It is common knowledge that these films do not get back their production costs. It is also common knowledge that Mr. Rank (who loves this baby dearly and attends most production conferences) doesn't complain. "This Modern Age" reflects that side of his character which believes in doing a thing because he thinks it is worth while.

If (with apologies to Scots readers) I may adapt Mr. Burns, it seems in this case that "The Rank is but the guinea stamp, the film's the thing for a' that."

A great deal of faith has been expended on Corridor Of Mirrors.

Miss Edana Romney, a South African actress and Mr. Rudolf Cartier adopted it from a novel of the same name with the idea that it should introduce Miss Romney as a star.

Failing to persuade any British studios to share their enthusiasm, they backed their fancy to the extent of assembling a company under director Terence Young, taking it to Paris, and making the film there.

The offspring of this Anglo-French marriage is a romantic melodrama with some surface elegance—but a story so far-fetched that it calls for an act of faith on the part of the audience as great as that of Miss Romney and Mr. Cartier.

It is about a sylvan called Mangin (Eric Portman), who likes to dress up as a Venetian toff and pretend he is living during the Renaissance.

To help along this little fantasy he inhabits a Venetian palace (apparently adjoining Regent's Park) which combines the splendours of the Uffizi Gallery and Grand Central Station.

(Ladies will note with admiration that the housework in this temple of marble, mosaic, mirrors, wrought iron, and Old Masters is executed by one elderly manservant and one mad housekeeper).

Periodically Mangin invites girls to join him in his masquerade, providing them on arrival with Renaissance models to dress up in. As the Canal runs through his garden, he can even take them out in a gondola on special occasions.

One such visitor is a Miss Conway (Edana Romney), whom he meets in a night club. For a while she enjoys the game, even though she learns that others have been invited to drop in and see his Botticellis and his etchings.

Then he tells her he believes she is the reincarnation of the lady in one of his Florentine paintings, and that he is the reincarnation of that party's lover.

This is a brand of double-talk for which Miss Conway's British upbringing has not fitted her—she is a

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Judge's daughter—so she runs off and marries a solid explorer type.

This leads to complications which need not be gone into but which culminate in numerous deaths, including that of Mangin on the scaffold.

As the dog of St. John's Wood, Mr. Portman is effectively tortured, loose-lipped, and glazed-eyed. Miss Romney is very good-looking, and perhaps her next film will show that she can act too.

A NEAT problem in etiquette is posed by *The Assassin* a Zane Grey for those who are not too fussy about their Westerns.

Mr. Randolph Scott, having spent most of the picture pursuing a gang of cattle rustlers, finally discovers that their leader is the father of the girl whose hand he seeks in marriage. What does the well-bred suitor do in such a situation?

The film slyly avoids the social issue by making the girl shoot her father in the arm as he is about to shoot his future son-in-law in the back.

Throughout this family harmony Mr. Scott's face was as always, a marvel of kindly immobility, and I found myself wishing that something on it would twitch it only once.

## Current Shows

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA—"Call-  
fornia," with Ray Milland, Barbara  
Stanwyck and Barry Fitzgerald.  
KING'S—"Singapore," with Fred Mac-  
Murray and Ava Gardner.  
LEE—"Red Stallion," with Robert  
Palce, Noreen Nash and Ted  
Donaldson.  
ORIENTAL—"Two Years Before the  
Mast," with Alan Ladd, Brian  
Donlevy, William Bendix and  
Barry Fitzgerald.  
MAJESTIC—"The Swordsman," with  
Larry Parks and Ellen Drew.



## Our Serial Story THREE FOR LUCK

MAJOR MIKE SULLIVAN, ex-police-man who became a war hero, has met

ARTHUR MAYO, millionaire racehorse owner, whose horse,

HAPPY MUNSTERMAN, is favourite for the Guineas and the Derby. Mike has foiled attempts to nab the horse, aided by Mayo's daughter,

MOIRA. Mike suspects a race-gang leader

DIAMOND HOTCHKISS, and his right-hand man,

TURKEY REDDIN, ex-all-in-wrestler. While Mike and Moira are in Newmarket Mayo is kidnapped. Clues point to the gang's headquarters being in Brighton. In an attempt to free Mayo, Mike and Moira capture Reddin, who later escapes from the police.

IVANOFF, a rich bookmaker, also appears to be in the plot. Mike goes to Brighton. In an alley behind a public-house called the Turkey Run, apparently owned by Reddin, he overhears a talk between Hotchkiss and a man who appears to be

TEDDY ROYAL, Happy Munsterman's jockey, which makes him suspect Royal. Mike finds Mayo in a disused windmill in the grounds of Ivanoff's mansion on the Sussex Downs.

"It's good to see you, Mr. Mayo," he said, pumping the other's hand up and down. "By love, it's good."

"It's all thanks to Mike here," said Mayo. "I'm beginning to admire the Army's commando training more and more—and the good judgment they showed in picking their commando leaders."

"They talked excitedly for some time before Mike brought the conversation back to business.

"How is Happy Munsterman?" he asked.

"Couldn't be better," said Harry enthusiastically. "That horse will eat the rest in the Guineas on Wednesday. There isn't one in the country to beat him. I know trainers sometimes get too enthusiastic about their own charges. But take it from me, that horse is past the post already."

### 'Big Money'

"Not if Teddy Royal rides him," said Mike quietly. His words had the effect of a bombshell on Fortescue. He was momentarily speechless.

"What do you mean, Mike?" he said at last.

"I mean that I'm certain that Royal is in the pay of the Hotchkiss gang. I'm convinced that he was with them two nights ago when you couldn't find him anywhere in Newmarket. Moira saw him come home very late in his car, which was covered with the dust of a long journey. Harry, the next attempt to stop Happy Munsterman winning the Guineas will be their last one before the Derby itself. They'll force Royal to pull it in the race. And if he has half a chance of doing so without it being too obvious, he will."

"But he'd be up before the stewards before you could say 'Jack Robinson,'" protested Fortescue. "A jockey just can't do things like that and get away with it in Guineas week at Newmarket."

"There's enough money involved in this to make it worth his while taking a risk," said Mike earnestly.

By  
**TRAVERS HUTCHIN**

"You must believe me, Harry. Remember what these crooks have already done in their attempts to stop Happy Munsterman running. They've murdered one man. They've tried to murder another—myself. They've kidnapped Mayo here. Take it from me, pulling a horse is chancy milk-and-water stuff to them."

"But what I am to do?" Harry's face was a study in half-belief struggling with unwillingness to face up to an almost insurmountable problem. "I can't get another first-class jockey at this late hour. Anyway, how am I to tell Royal that he's not to ride Happy Munsterman? I'll have to give him a reason—and I can't say we suspect him of wanting to pull the horse. He'd sue me for all sorts of things if I did."

### A Plan

"Don't worry, Harry," Mike replied. "I've got a plan. I'll tell you about it."

And the four went into earnest consultation.

Nothing unusual happened in the next day or two. Mike, Moira and her father scarcely left Appleton Lodge. Chief Inspector Dowdeswell came up twice from Scotland Yard to interview Mayo and Mike. But he had to confess that all trace had been lost of the missing gangsters.

"I can't pin anything on Hotchkiss himself," he explained. "Nobody saw him at the mill. I have no doubt that he was there—but Mr. Mayo didn't see him. He did everything, as he always does, through his henchmen. As for Ivanoff—well, I just can't do a thing about him. He's too big to touch without real proof."

On the night before the Two Thousand Guineas Mike left Appleton Lodge at a late hour. It was almost dawn when he returned—tired, but with an implicit grin on his face as he considered his night's work.

He went with the Mayo party to the racecourse, but soon left them. Wandering through the paddock, he kept his eyes and ears wide open. He wandered into the silver ring packed with one of the biggest crowds Newmarket had ever seen. Happy Munsterman was on everybody's lips. The horse was being laid at even money from the beginning—and people were flocking to back it at that.

### A Gasp

In the silver ring he stood by the bookmakers. Once or twice he saw thin, flashy-looking characters—types he well knew to be race gangsters. But none of them were familiar as members of the Diamond Gang.

When the numbers and the jockeys for the Guineas were hoisted on the great board a sudden gasp went through the crowd.

For opposite the number of Happy Munsterman was the name "T. Compact." "Here's a proper turn-up," a bookie beside Mike muttered. "Teddy Royal's not riding the favourite. Compact? Who's Compact?"

"Australian, or Irish, or something," his clerk said. "Ridden one or two horses this season. Not done very much."

Mike smiled. He went back to the paddock.

Suddenly he saw a familiar figure. The sleek, well-dressed Diamond Hotchkiss was unmistakable. So was his companion. It was the grey-haired man with the red face who had been with Hotchkiss in the hotel in Liverpool—Ivanoff.

They met and parted quickly. Apparently Ivanoff was only asking Hotchkiss for a light for his cigarette. But Mike saw his lips move as he held Hotchkiss's gold lighter in his hand. He seemed to have difficulty in getting it to work. Just enough difficulty to say a few words without being noticed.

### Hatred

So, Mr. Ivanoff, you don't want to be seen with your accomplice, thought Mike.

As he walked away Ivanoff's face was unperturbed. But Hotchkiss's was as dark as a thundercloud. Ivanoff was the better bluffer of the two, Mike noted for future reference.

He walked over to the jockeys' room, and in doing so passed within a couple of yards of Hotchkiss. The latter suddenly saw him. His eyes blazed with hatred; but he made no attempt to speak.

"I hope you are having a good day, Diamond," said Mike in tones of mock politeness. Hotchkiss took his cigar from his lips and spat. His veneer of gentility had gone.

"Rude boy," commented Mike as he passed on.

Outside the jockeys' room was Harry Fortescue. The worried look on his face as he talked to the reporters grouped around him was a masterpiece of acting, Mike thought.

"But I tell you, gentlemen," he was saying plaintively. "I know no more about it than you do. I can only say that Royal hasn't turned up, and I had to find another jockey. Fortunately, this chap Compact hadn't a ride, so I've put him up. He's an Irish boy who rode in Australia and who has just come home. He's not tied to any stable—in fact, he hasn't had much experience here. But I'm sure he'll do his best."

Mike did not interrupt the little gathering. He stood on the rails, waiting for the horses to go to the starting post. As he did so, he had a sudden feeling that he was being watched, and looked over his shoulder. Behind him, only ten yards away, was Hotchkiss. He was talking to three men. Mike knew that they were talking about him. He smiled gaily at Hotchkiss.

### The Winner

As the horses cantered by, Compact, on Happy Munsterman, saw Mike. He raised his hand in a quick salute—a salute of gratitude for the big chance that Mike had put in his way. Mike waved back.

Hotchkiss's face was blacker than ever as he watched.

A sudden hush fell over the heath. The windows of the tote slammed shut. The horses were off.

Mike gazed through his glasses at the starting post. Compact got off badly, but Happy Munsterman was soon lying nicely in fourth place. Compact was holding him in, waiting for his chance. The pace was being made by a little grey, who was well out in front. But two furlongs from home the grey had shot its bolt and was flagging. Still Compact lay behind. Even the bookies were silent now.

A man beside Mike muttered to himself—

"He's left it too long. The fool, he's green. He'll never make it now. Oh, wait. He's coming on. He's up. He's done it. Oh, what a horse. Oh, boy, what a horse! And what a jockey. He's won by a mile. Oh, boy."

But now the whole of Newmarket Heath was shouting its head off. Happy Munsterman, the favourite from Ireland, had won—and thousands had put their shirts on it.

THE END



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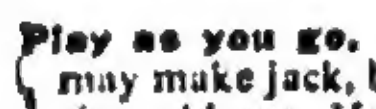
"So let us join the Tree-lovers' Association in protesting against the destruction of more trees in the city!"

## IS THERE A LIFE AFTER 40?

Doc warns you against excitation. Girls (who ought to tremble when they see a roué like you!) yawn and call you "mister." Takes a federal subpoena to get you out of the house after 9 P. M. In March Reader's Digest Robert M. Yoder tells his sad (?) story of what it's like to hobble past that 40th milestone. Don't miss this report from The Great Beyond by a gent who's decided that if he can't grow old gracefully, he can go down being! (Cond. from Saturday Evening Post)

## Also in Reader's Digest

Penicillin "mist" for sinus trouble. 30 million Americans suffer from sinus trouble. Lois Mattox Miller brings news of the "simplest, safest, most effective treatment yet" for most true sinus infections—inhaling of penicillin... and its possibilities for home use. (Cond. from Hygeia)



Play as you go. All work and no play may make jack, but 'tisn't the way to a ripe old age. Howard Whitman shows how too many of us have unwisely forgotten how to play. Learn the 4 satisfying kinds of play that lead to emotional health. (Condensed from Your Life)

20-page condensation from "We Live in the Arctic." Story of a young couple who dared a winter in the unexplored mountains of northern Alaska—fighting starvation and freezing in temperatures so low their frozen breaths "rustled like silk." A tale of courage, scenic beauty, and high adventure to make the blood tingle.

Laughter: The best medicine. "Why haven't you mended these socks?" he demanded. To which his wife replied, "You didn't buy that fur coat I wanted—so I figured if you didn't give a wrap, I didn't give a darn." Here are 8 good laughs.

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## Musical World

## THE PROMS

Something unusual is in store for listeners to the Proms Concert from ZBW tonight—a piano concerto by a modern Canadian composer, recorded in Canada, with a Canadian soloist, Canadian orchestra and Canadian conductor! Very little is known of contemporary Canadian music on this side of the Pacific, and ZBW and Hong Kong music lovers have to thank Kenneth Noble, the Canadian Trade Commissioner here for making this recording available.

The other two works making up tonight's Proms Concerts are Vaughan Williams' Fourth Symphony and Respighi's orchestral suite, "The Birds," based on an old composition for the harpsichord.

## CONCERTO

The concerto is one of two works which have been issued in album form through the International Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Montreal. On Christmas Day, 1944, C.I.C. sent out its first short-wave programmes beamed to Europe. They met with a very favourable response, hundreds of letters being received asking about the sort of music heard in Canada, who Canada's composers were, what orchestras existed, and so on.

Faced with the problem of supplying an adequate answer, Canada's nationally-owned radio system has now put out "A First Album of Canadian Music," separate editions of which, with notes in various languages, are being distributed all over the world. Two works are presented in this album, the piano concerto and a suite; the latter will be heard on the air at an early date.

The piano concerto, in C minor, is in three movements performed without a break and linked by episodic sections. As my time this week has been limited, I was not able to take advantage of Clara Stansfield's kind offer to give me a brief "preview" of it but she tells me that after listening to it herself, she found it quite pleasing.

The composer, Healey Willan, was actually born in England but he has lived in Canada ever since 1913 and is today as Canadian as anyone in the Dominion, especially in musical thought. Shortly after his arrival in the country, he joined the University of Toronto (Canada's musical capital) as lecturer and examiner in music—a post which he still occupies. He is particularly noted as an organist, but his compositions are not limited to this instrument and, in addition to the C Minor Concerto, include cantatas, motets, anthems, carols, hymns, trios, string quartets and a symphony.

The soloist is Agnes Butcher, with Jean Benudet and the CBC Orchestra. Benudet is supervisor of music and French director for CBC's French network. Born in Montreal, he was a well-known concert pianist on both sides of the Atlantic before entering Canadian radio in 1937. Since his association with radio, Benudet has done a great deal to encourage Canadian composers and to develop Canadian musical tastes.

The Concerto lasts just over 25 minutes in its recorded version. The remaining nine minutes of the Album are taken up by Claude Champagne's "Suite Canadienne," which ZBW will broadcast in the near future. It is composed in four parts, each of which is inspired by an old French-Canadian folk song, and I'll have something more to say about it when the time comes.

## SYMPHONY

Those who associated Vaughan Williams with folk songs and thought that all his compositions were on the lines of, say, his Fantasia on "Greensleeves," were in for a surprise when they heard his Fourth Symphony. Written when he had attained the age of 60, it promptly drew from the critics at its 1935 premiere the comment that "at last he has broken free"

from the idioms of English folk-song. Lovers of the works of this modern English master were justifiably delighted with this symphony, which showed that he was by no means suffering from any diminution of powers. With its concise, positive statements, it is entirely different to his earlier symphonies, and has none of the illustrative suggestions of the "London" nor the pensiveness of the "Pastoral."

## SUITE

Respighi makes a welcome re-appearance on the air with his little suite for a small orchestra, "The Birds." One of the more prominent of modern Italian composers (he died in 1936), Respighi was a pupil of both Rimsky-Korsakov and Max Bruch. He owed much to the former and, fittingly, his talents incline more towards orchestral (as opposed to chamber) music.

Despite the strong influence exercised by Rimsky-Korsakov, he nevertheless was able to retain his individuality and evolve an entirely personal form of expression. Respighi's music is completely modern but is not difficult or eccentric. Unlike certain of his contemporaries, Respighi never tried to astonish the listener and was content merely to express his own ideas and emotions "in such a way that they represent most faithfully an intellectual conception," as Bonavia puts it.

## "Y" CONCERT

The YMCA Music Group have now been able to draw up some more programmes for their weekly gramophone concerts on Friday evenings in the West Lounge. For the benefit of newcomers, I might repeat that these are held every Friday at 8.15 p.m. and light refreshments are obtainable during the interval.

The programme for Friday this week will consist of:

Kabalevsky's overture "Colas Breugnot."

Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (with the composer himself at the piano/forte).

Warlock's "Capriol" suite.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B Flat Major.

Writing of Beethoven's "Fourth,"

Julius Harrison comments:—"In spite of its tremendous fun, as enjoyable as any he ever wrote, more than all else I hear deep down in this great symphony that underlying mood of seriousness characterising the first and second movements. The low B flat on the 2nd horn in the opening bars of the lengthy introduction seems like some black shadow thrown across music that should be nothing but sunny, the depth of which shadow is intensified by those mysterious rolls on the timpani (also on a B flat) darkening the development section of the 'Allegro' so ominously."

## CRITICISM

A local music-lover asked me this week why I didn't do any criticisms of the "live" musical programmes broadcast from ZBW. She pointed out that artists who were never suggested to critics, favourable or otherwise, could hardly be expected to give of their best. She more or less suggested that as one of those who profess to be doing their best to advance the cause of music, in this benighted Colony, I was falling down on my job.

Strictly speaking, she's right, of course. My excuse, if it be an excuse, is that in the first place, musical criticism is a job of work, and I have quite enough on my hands without taking on some more during my spare time of an evening, when I would like to relax. In the second place, most of the performers on ZBW are so excruciatingly mediocre that it is asking too much of this humble critic to expect him to listen to them regularly. I prefer to "go over" to Manila or Singapore. A fellow's got to have some fun in life!

## OPERA

The Herbert Merrill opera-writing contest, which had been scheduled to close on Feb. 20th, has been extended until next Sept. 30th, says a United Press message from New York. The judging committee says that many contestants complained that not enough time was allowed for the heavy task of composing an opera.

The prize is US\$1,000 in cash to the person or team turning out the best one-act opera in English in which the baritone wins the leading lady. As one whose voice, if it deserves any polite epithet at all, might be called baritone, I was glad to see the latter stipulation. It seems to have been an operatic convention that the Hero is always a Tenor, with the poor baritone either the villain or, at best, a minor character. There are exceptions, of course, but they could almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

## U.N. SYMPHONY

The "United Nations Symphony" made its New York debut a week or so ago at the Metropolitan Opera House in a concert for the benefit of the National Cancer Foundation. Sylvan conducted, and the guest-soloist was Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano.

## NEW WORKS

An imposing list of new works has been scheduled by the Little Orchestra Society of New York for its second season of eight concerts in 1948-49.

It is the society's policy to play a new composition at each concert. Among the contemporary works scheduled will be a horn concerto composed by Richard Strauss during the war; it has been performed in Salzburg but not in New York. Also listed are a "Toccata and Two Canzones" by Bronislaw Martinu; "Concerto for Guitar," by Manuel Ponce of Mexico; "Violin Concerto," by Sol Kaplan; "Sinfonietta" by Walter Piston; and "Sinfonietta" by Jack Avshalomoff. (The latter three are American citizens.)

Among the soloists so far engaged for the season are Marian Anderson, contralto; Zino Francescatti, Violin; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; Andres Segovia, guitar; Polyna Stoska, soprano; Frank Sheridan, piano; and Fredell Lack, violin and concert-master of the orchestra.

## MIXED

The Desoff Choirs of 175 mixed voices, conducted by Paul Boepple, gave an unusual programme in the New York Town Hall last month. The concert consisted of early Sixteenth Century French music by Joaquin des Pres.

The choir sang against a background of a Tournai tapestry of the Sixteenth Century, lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

## BERKSHIRE

Serge Koussevitzky has announced three guest conductors for the Berkshire Festival of 1948, to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood (near Lenox, Mass.) from July 17 to August 15.

While Koussevitzky will lead most of the concerts, others will be conducted by Leonard Bernstein, Elazar de Carvalho and Robert Shaw. Emphasis will be laid on the music of Bach, Mozart and Tchaikovsky.

## GENERAL KNOWLEDGE ANSWERS

1. Mickey Mouse.
2. Sherlock Holmes.
3. The whale and the penguin.
4. Spain, China, Russia.
5. Suspension bridge.
6. Emmeline Pankhurst.
7. Belfast.
8. German.



# FOUNDATION STONE LAID FOR KOWLOON'S NEW SKYSCRAPER



The foundation stone on the site of the new skyscraper which the Telephone Company is building in Nathan Road was laid last week by His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. Photo shows Sir Alexander guiding the stone into place. The building will be of twelve storeys, and will rank as the tallest in Kowloon. (Francis Wu)



THE ARCHITECT (picture on left) point out details of the planned structure on a scale model which was a centre of keen attraction. (Francis Wu)

CHAIRMAN of Directors, Mr. N.O.C. Marsh, chatting with Mr. J. P. Sherry, general manager, at the site of the Telephone Company's new building. (Francis Wu).



MAJOR FARRELL and a group of guests (picture on left) at the Kowloon ceremony. (Francis Wu)



A TOAST—His Excellency the Governor and Mr. N.O.C. Marsh exchange a toast in celebration. (Francis Wu)





**YORKSHIRE SOCIETY**—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whitefield and party at the annual cabaret-dinner dance of the Yorkshire Society held last week. The function was one of the most successful ever held. (Francis Wu)



**PRESIDENT'S TABLE** — Mr. H.H. Mundy and party at the Yorkshire Society's dinner dance. (Francis Wu)



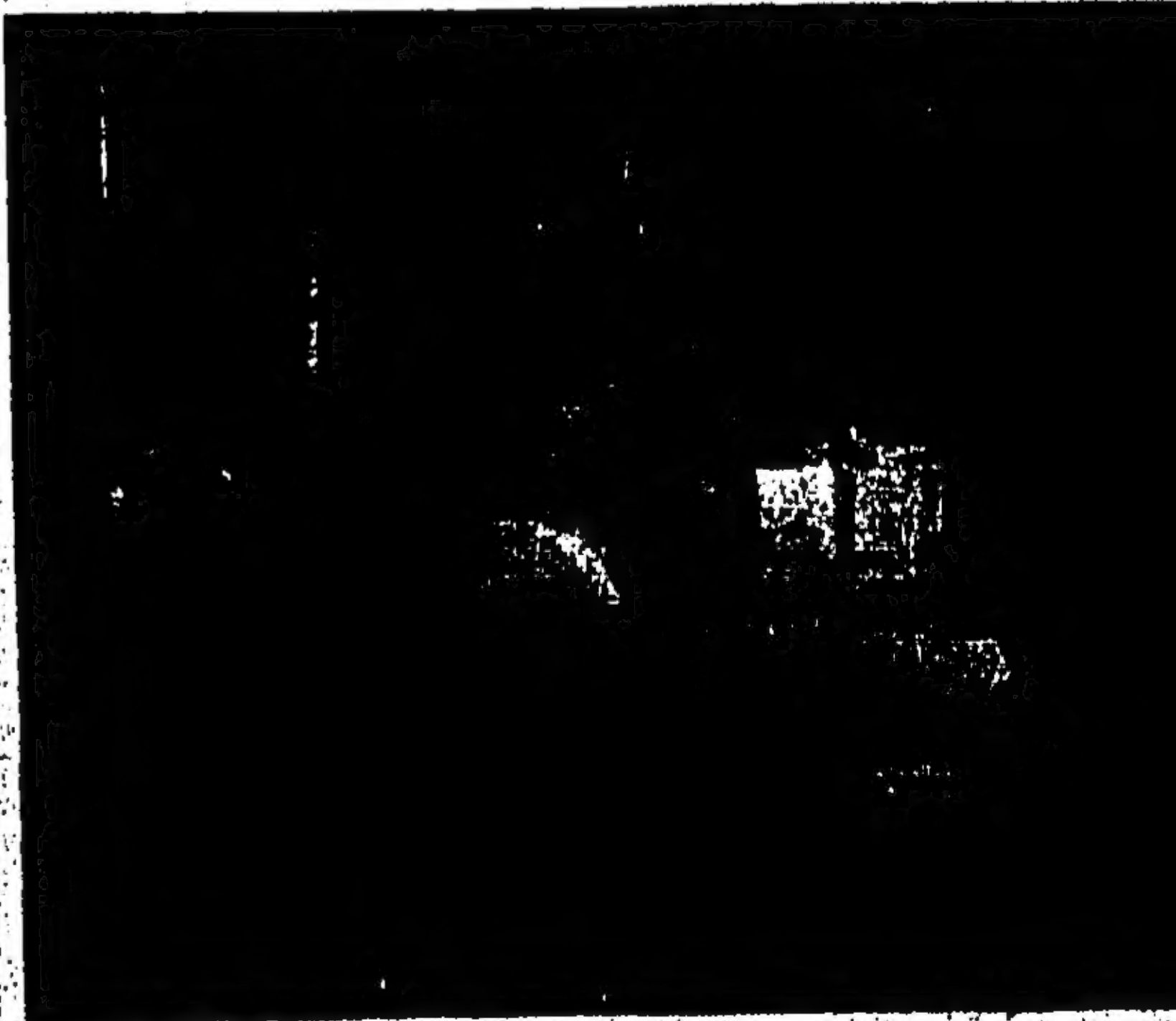
**IN SERIOUS MOOD** — Mr. Hector Mundy, one of the Colony's better known humorists, making a speech in his capacity as President of the Yorkshire Society.

Picture on left shows one of the many cheerful parties at the function. (Francis Wu)

**EASTER SUNDAY** Protestant C service at the Ground on Easter Sunday. Large attendance on the choir on the



**MR. DANBY'S PARTY** at the Hong Kong Hotel last week at the Yorkshire Society's dinner-dance. (Francis Wu)



**MRS. AND MRS. SHAW** and their party at the Yorkshire Society's dinner-dance. Among those in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. B.C.K. Hawkins. (Francis Wu)



GAZINE SECTION.



IVICE.—The Combined churches held an impressive the Murray Parade after Monday, which was led. Photo shows the terrace. (China Mail)



PHILIPPINES' ENVOY.—Mr. J.M. Elizalde, Philippines Ambassador to the United States, shown with local residents who entertained him at the Cafe de China last week on his passing through the Colony. (China Mail photo)



IVICE.—The Combined churches held an impressive the Murray Parade after Monday, which was led. Photo shows the terrace. (China Mail)



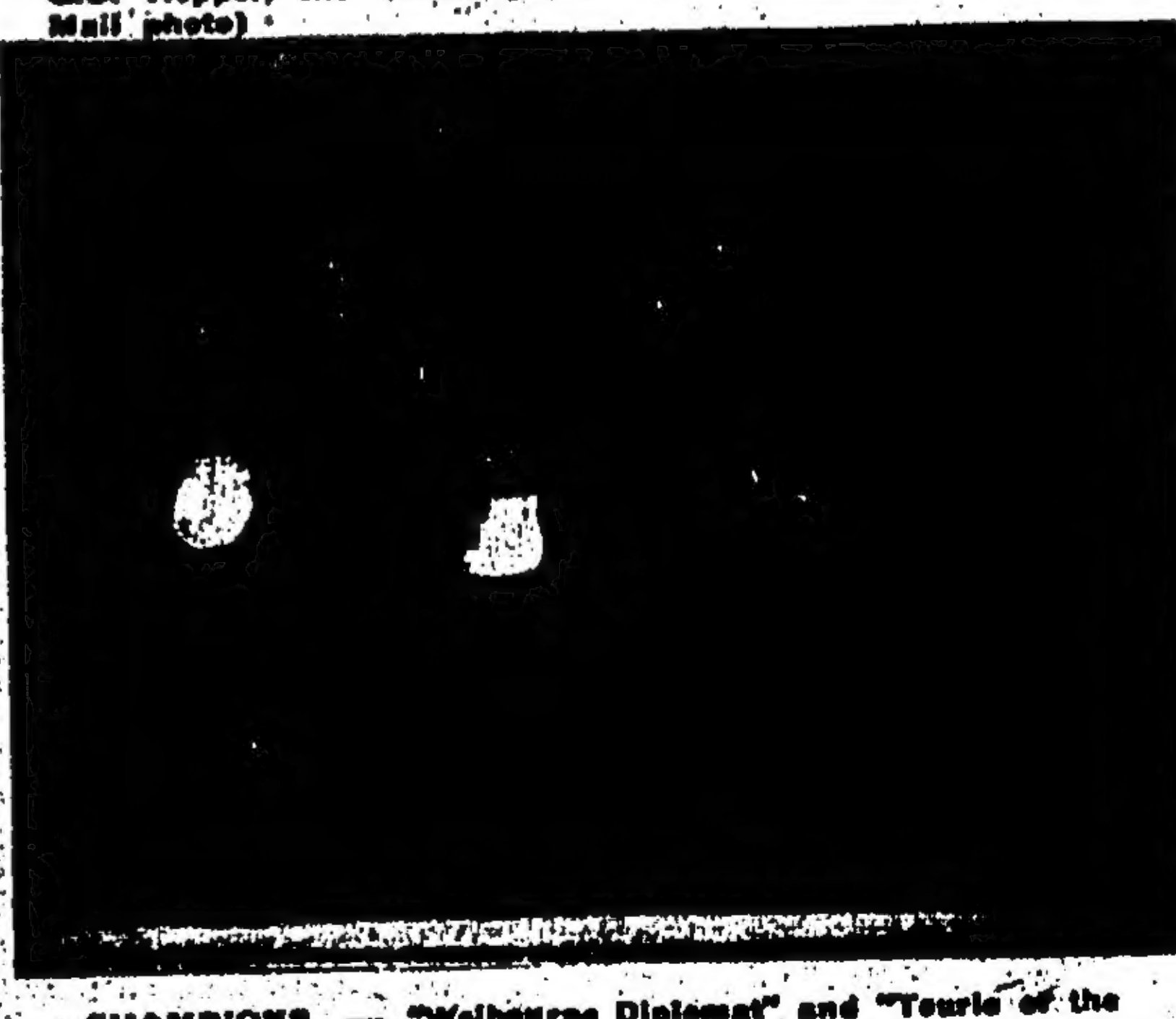
HONOURED GUEST.—Mr. Elizalde at the luncheon party given in his honour at the Cafe de China. In the picture also are Mr. D. M. MacDonnell, Colonial Secretary, and Mr. G.D. Hepper, the United States Consul-General. (China Mail photo)



re Society dinner-dance, and Mrs. Andrews, and



SASSOON CHALLENGE CUP.—Mr. and Mrs. Jehan-nomen, and Mr. Donald Black, the successful jockey, with the Sassoon Cup won by Nora Queen at the Easter Meeting. (China Mail photo)



CHAMPIONS — "Welbourne Diplomat" and "Touzie of the Tower," Mrs. Kilburn Morris's Scotties, which won four first prizes at the recent dog show. "Touzie" was adjudged Best, Scottie of the show.





**DOCKYARD "FEUD."**—The "Argylls" eleven which challenged the rest of the Naval Dockyard to Easter Monday football but lost by twelve goals to two.



**LEAGUE CHAMPIONS.**—Sing Tao's Mixed Doubles team which won the league championship for 1948 without conceding a match.



**CATHEDRAL WEDDING.**—Mr. Leslie C. Mok and the former Miss M. Wong, after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Monday. (China Mail photo)



**OUTGOING MINISTER.**—Professor Copland, (5th from left) who is retiring from the post of Australian Minister in China, at Kai Tak last week. In the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Hazzard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wolfe and Mr. A.J.R. Moss. (China Mail photo)




**WEDDING.**—Group taken after the wedding at the Kwo Ling of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Mok. (China Mail photo)



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## Health Page

### Think Of The Patient: Hospital Visiting BY PAMELA MANN

When I get out of this hospital bed to beautiful freedom again I intend to start a class for those about to (a) enter hospital as patients, and (b) visit patients in hospital. I think it is needed.

The following words of wisdom refer to hospitals where discipline as to visitors' hours, etc., is not as rigid as in some hospitals, but which could be applied in some instances to the latter.

First and foremost, let's deal with the patient going into hospital for about three weeks. Maybe you're a radio fan and can't live when separated from your favourite serial. Hospitals allow patients to bring in their radios, thoughtfully providing two-way electric switches so that they can be by the bedside, and some will arrange hire of radios for patients. All very well, but DO remember that some patients (I am one) are allergic to radio when sick abed. Even if you are in a single room, it's not sound-proof.

Rule one, for radio fans: Keep it low. Keep it so low that only you

can hear it, unless your next-door neighbour asks you to turn it up. And for goodness sake don't keep it going from dawn till 11 pm, as did one of my recent neighbours. And ask the sister whether anyone nearby objects if you do turn it up.

#### Visitors — Beware!

Next most important thing, from my observation, is visitors. Don't let the patient be the hostess of the party. Try to entertain her. Of course, she may want to tell you the entire story of her operation. On the other hand, she may prefer to forget it, and hear about the ballet or the current "rave" picture instead. She may even prefer to hear the current office gossip or how many teeth your baby has cut recently. Let her give the cues.

Nothing is more tiring for someone just recovering from an operation, or in the first stages of convalescence after an illness, than to have three visitors all at once, none of whom knows each other very well, so that she has to set to from her prop of pillows and entertain them in proper drawing-room style.

If you are an early visitor and have already seen her for 20 minutes or so, and someone else arrives, make a move. Most people like to have a little personal chat to each of their friends in turn. I shall never forget my panic when six visitors all piled up one on top of another on my first visitors' day, and how the old temp. soared up at the end of the afternoon!

#### Flowers?

You're going to send flowers to someone having an operation? Find out whether she's going to have a few days' rest in hospital before the operation and send some to greet her on arrival; but don't send them on the Big Day or even the Day After. She won't feel the least inclined to appreciate either orchids or daffodils just then. Chances are she won't even see them—only the card rescued by Sister from the scrap-heap some days later.

A lovely basket of flowers came for me while I was actually in the operating-theatre, but all I saw of it was a dead mess two days later, just before it was thrown out. And that brings me to another thing—send cut flowers that have some chance of survival in the usually steam-heated atmosphere, not "arrangements" which cannot be kept properly fresh.

Send buds instead of blossoms, when possible. It gives the patient greater pleasure to see buds burgeoning than full blooms dying. One of my friends sent me a huge sheaf of what at first glance appeared to be the prunings from fruit trees! Sister and I looked at it sideways, then decided to put the "prunings" into a tall jar, set it out of the way on top of a cupboard, and see what came forth. In a few days I had the excitement of seeing the first rosy buds show colour on the brown branches. In a week there were tender white prunus flowers starring some of the dark wood, and deep pink peach buds filling out into colourful blossoms. It was a beautiful and lasting joy, and saw me out of the hospital.

A blossom in a pot is fun for the invalid—it allowed. Some hospitals will not permit a potted plant in a patient's room. A cyclamen is grand—you can watch the swan-head buds

## NEW DRUGS

New wonder drugs—some perhaps even more powerful than penicillin and streptomycin—may be found among thousands of idle chemicals lying around on laboratory shelves, a scientist said recently.

This expert, Dr. Waller R. Kirner, Director of the National Research Council Chemical-Biological Coordination Center, Washington, told a meeting of the American Chemical Society here that a programme to screen these "loafing" chemicals already is under way.

He recalled that D.D.T. and the sulfa drugs gathered dust in laboratory shelves for years before their usefulness was discovered.

Dr. Kirner said the chemical-biological coordination center, called the C.B.C.C., has started a project in which the biological activity of thousands of compounds will be tested.

He said that the information will be made available for scientists seeking better drugs, insecticides, rodenticides, fungicides and other chemical agents essential to agricultural and medical science.

"A large percentage of these compounds have never been tested for any possible use," he said, "while a small percentage may have been tested for a single purpose."

He reported that the C.B.C.C. has made arrangements with about 25 laboratories to submit their idle chemicals for testing.

"To date," he said, "about 3,000 compounds have been made available for such screening tests, and 800 compounds are now in the process of being tested."

Such screening tests during the war led to the development of effective antimalarial drugs, devices for the dispersal of D.D.T. from airplanes and trucks and "other important scientific contributions to the war effort," he said.

The screening programme, according to Dr. Kirner, should provide a means for "avoiding a repetition of the fate of many compounds such as D.D.T. and the sulfa drugs, which were synthesized many years before a use was discovered for them."

preening themselves and finally emerging into Indian headdress blooms swaying above the soft green leaves. Hyacinths make fine potted gifts, too. Carnations are a hardy hospital standby, and, if you can, choose flowers which die without shedding too many petals. You will endeavor yourself to your friend because the sisters will not become impatient and throw them out too soon for "making a mess."

I have never yet found a patient in hospital who did not want to read, so take along a book by all means. But remember that however enthralling it may be, a volume which weighs heavily on the hand is never as acceptable as something light to hold. "Penguins" are ideal. A little humour goes a long way, I have found, while travel never seems quite as enthralling when the reader is confined to four walls—but maybe this is just a personal preference. Me, I prefer good interesting novels for hospital reading, or thrillers. I could live on them. "Digests" are good, too.

There's an art in saying goodbye and leaving the patient. When you feel she has "had enough," get up, say goodbye, and GO. Don't be a lingerer. Don't keep getting to the door and coming back for another last word. This, of course, applies to visits anywhere, but is doubly important in hospitals, I think.

And just a little PS about flowers: Let her know you are thinking of her early in the piece, by all means, but remember that the duller days of hospital are those last ones before the patient is due to leave for home. Visitors are fewer and convalescence more trying, usually, than actual sickness. Keep the supply going, even in the tiniest doses, until the last day.

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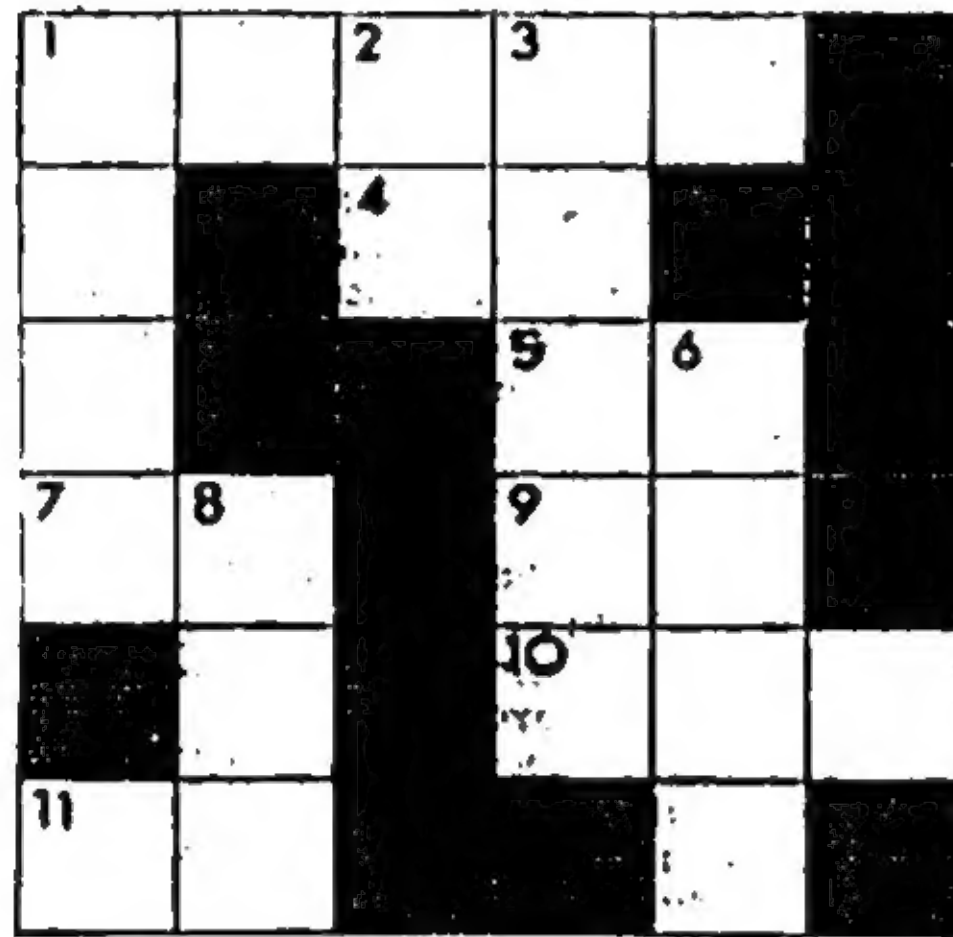
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## CROSSWORD PUZZLE FUN

Here is a crossword for the younger people. If you cannot guess the solution, turn the page round and read the answers below.



### CLUES

- Across**
1. Tops of houses.
  4. Northern Railway (abbrev.)
  5. Preposition.
  7. Perform a task.
  9. Medical Officer (abbrev.)
  10. A long sea animal.
  11. A common conjunction.
- Down**
1. A clear track.
  2. Not off.
  3. Goes round a picture.
  6. You have ten of them.
  8. Opposite of 2 Down.

Across: 1. OOF, 4. N.R., 5. OF, 7. DO, 9. M.O., 10. EEL, 11. AND.  
Down: 1. CLEAR, 2. NOT, 3. ROUND, 6. TENS, 8. OFF.

### CROSSWORD SOLUTION

### World Spotlight:

#### CARVING A HOUSE

When it comes to housebuilding in the George Cross Isle of Malta, it is not a case of bricks, mortar and scaffolding, but rather is it one of carving, chipping and scraping.

Virgin sandstone hewn from the quarries inland is transported and dumped, in rough blocks some two and a half to three feet long by one foot wide, on the selected site.

The exact size of the block is pencilled out and the mason attacks the block with his chopper. With an uncanny accuracy he chops and pares to within an eighth of the line and smooths down with his hand brush.

No scaffolding is employed and the house takes shape—windows, doors and floors allowed for—as block is piled on block.

If it were not for the problem of importing window frames, wooden doors and other fittings, there would be no housing shortage in Malta. (From Frederick Hudson, Malta.)

### AT MY TYPEWRITER...



Within the next few weeks you can expect to hear something more about the Herald Companions' Club. From now on I am going to publish an entry form for the club only once a month, so if you have not already sent your name in you will have another opportunity later.

Keep sending in your contributions. The Mystery Prize has still got to be won, and some of you are quite close to the ten stars. But please do remember to state your age when you send in entries.

Happy days to you all, from

*Auntie Vera*

## Children's Page

### DRAW A PICTURE AROUND THIS!

This peculiar shape can be made into anything you please.

Draw a picture round it, using the double V in your drawing. You all know how it is done, so we are not giving you an example to follow this time.

You can turn the square any way you like. A few suggestions to help you along—you can make it a bird, a ship, or an aeroplane, or a face to name but a few. But see what you can think up for yourself!

This competition is open to boys and girls up to sixteen years of age. It will run for two weeks, so be sure that all your entries are in at the SUNDAY HERALD offices by Wednesday, April 14.

First Prize: \$10 and  
Six Consolation Prizes

### CONUNDRUM

You'll find me in the city, in houses great and small, I'm used by little children, And by ladies one and all.

And man does not disdain me, Though sometimes he pretends He does not use me half as much As do his lady friends.

Now if you want to buy a hat, A gown, a pair of shoes, You always take the greatest pains To ascertain my views.

And if I say, yes! take it, It makes you look so nice, You nearly always buy it— If you can afford the price.

To some I may seem cruel, To others very kind, For when I am consulted I always speak my mind.

Now don't think me ungrateful If—because my needs are few— You offer anything to me I send it back to you.

For I cannot help my nature; I am game like that you see So, if you want to get it back Bring something nice to me.

See Answer Below.

A Mirror  
Conundrum Answer

### Marooned on an Island

by John Swaine  
CONCLUSION

I awoke many hours later feeling very sick, and my pain was not relieved at all by the thought that I had little longer to live. From the scattered bits of conversation I could hear from my captors, it developed that Black Patch was on one of his plundering cruises. He had left four of his men on the island to guard his plunder. The island, too, was a shelter and landing-place for his boat.

Then I heard the pirates deliberating about what to do with me. "I say, Bill," muttered one, "let's kill him now, and be done with the whole thing." These words took effect on the others, and now they advanced slowly with drawn knives. I caught the glint of the sun on their knives as they handled them.

Then a few close-sounding shots roared in my ear. To my great surprise, two of the pirates fell to the sand, writhing. I looked up at my mates as they ran across the sand, shooting all the while at the other two surprised men. The two swiftly followed their friends to the blood-stained sand.

My friends freed me from my bonds, and informed me that they had become alarmed about my long absence and had managed to follow the path I took until they came to the opening in the ground, and the rest was easy. I hastily related all I had heard and guessed. We had to act, and act quickly, for the pirates had mentioned that their ship was due that day.

We drew up a plan, which would give us a fair chance in a conflict. "A sail!" yelled one of my companions. He was right, and this was the pirate ship.

When it came closer two boats were lowered from the ship, and came on to the shore. We had armed ourselves with the dead men's rifles and ammunition, and we spread out along the shore behind the bushes.

The boats grounded on the beach, and out tumbled the armed men. They were a dangerous-looking crew, and I shuddered over my thoughts. And then we all marched out into view.

"Surrender," we shouted with one accord. "For you are completely surrounded!" I can never describe the utter amazement and disbelief written over the faces of the pirates. They raised their rifles and dropped to the sand, but not before we had accounted

### Wishing

I wish I was Buck Rogers  
So tall and brave and free;  
I wish I was Rip Kirby,  
And a friend of Pagan Lee.

I wish I was Rob Crusoe  
With Friday close behind;  
I wish I was Columbus  
With the U.S. still to find.

I wish I was Stokowski  
With bandmen all around;  
I wish that I was able to  
Produce that golden sound.

I wish I was Charles Boyer,  
A lover—oh, so great!  
I wish that I was Tarzan  
With Jan to be my mate.

I wish that all the famous men  
I've always wished to be  
Would find out how they did it  
And pass it on to me.

### QUOTATION CUTS

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Were walking close at hand;

They wept like anything to see

Such quantities of sand;

"If this were only cleared away,"

They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven malds with seven mops

Swept it for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said,

"That they could get it clear?"

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,

And shed a bitter tear.

"Alice in Wonderland"

Lewis Carroll.

ed for a few of them. We had hidden

ourselves behind the mounds in the

sand, and were firing back at them.

The buccaners were in a very bad

position, for they were all grouped to-

gether on the water's edge, in plain

view, while we looked down on them

from our hummocks.

While my friends were still firing I

had an idea. I crept away to the side,

and piled up some dry brush and set

fire to it. Thick clouds of smoke were

blown by the wind straight into the

faces of the enemy. They choked, and

coughed, and fired raggedly. This was

the time to attack. My friends and I

charged the pirates' position, and at

close range fired into them.

I seemed to lose track of time. Sud-

denly a hoarse cry sounded very near

me, and I saw one of my friends fall

in a heap on the red sand. Under the

deadly barrage of fire, the buccaners

were trapped, and they realised it.

Amid the noise and smoke, six pirates

ran to a lifeboat, attempting to row

to their ship and effect their escape.

Some of us ran after them, but it was

too late, for they were out of range.

Pursuit was impossible, so we remain-

ed on the shore, gazing tiredly at the

fast-disappearing funnels of the ship.

But what of the rest? They lay now

in insensate heaps on the sand,

sprawled in grotesque attitudes. We

had lived through the ordeal and won.

But of what use was it to us? Were

we still on the island, with no means

of escape. We could never hope to

reach safety in the pirates' lifeboats.

We wearily picked our way through the

dead, and made for our home.

After that escape life went on in

the same monotonous way. We kept

healthy and hopeful, but we realised

our chances of rescue were very slight

indeed. I used to sit by the sand beach

and watch the water strike the shore

and recede, and at times despair struck

at my heart. But sometimes our talk

turned to rescue, and we would start

counting the days anxiously. But the

weeks passed, and nothing came....

One bright sunny morning in June,

when the sun shone down mercilessly,

I was making my way to the beach

to catch some fish. Suddenly I stop-

ped. A tiny spot appeared on the

horizon. The spot loomed larger, and

a puff of smoke arose from it. The

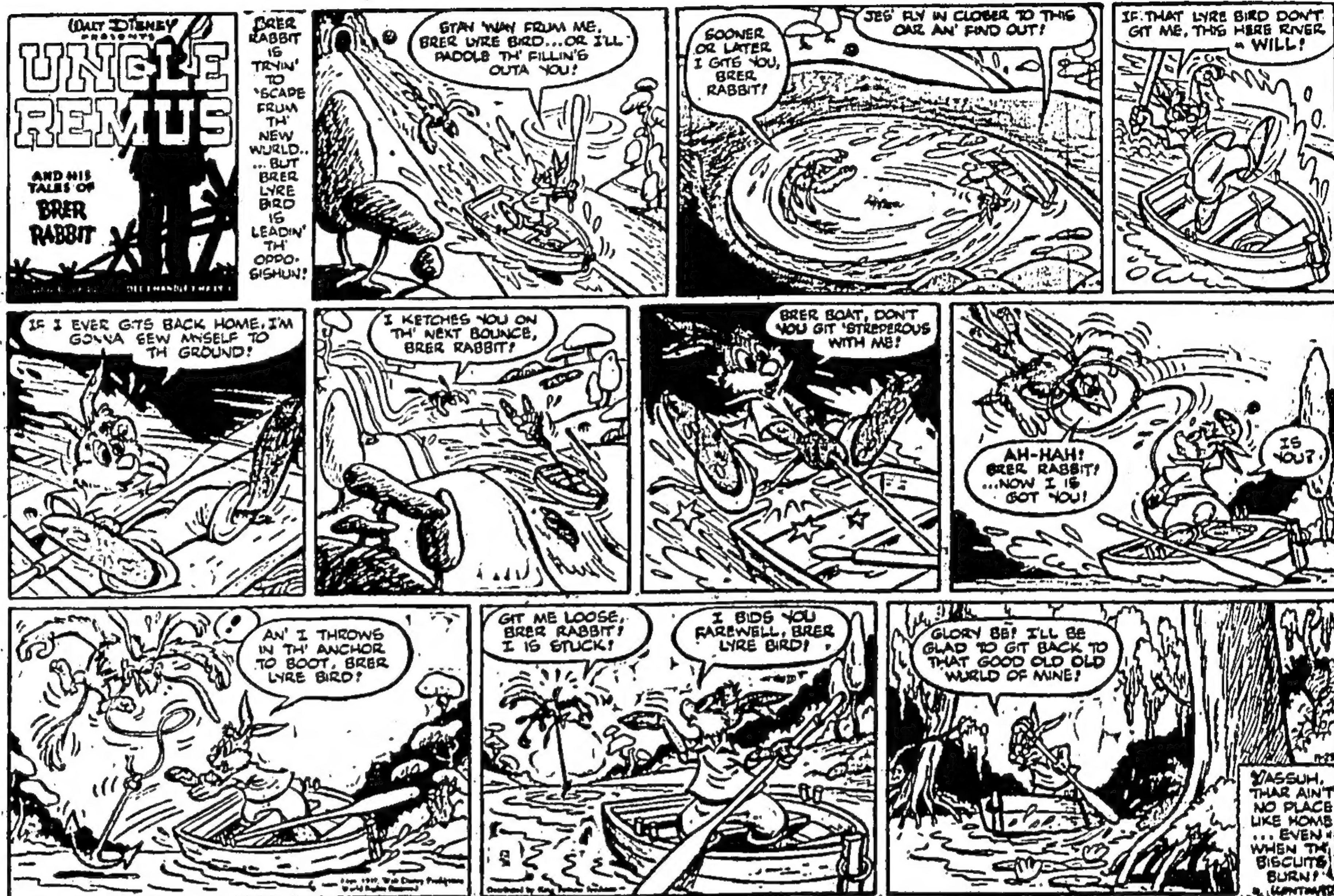
realization of many dreams and hopes

was accomplished. After six months

on a wild tropical island, we were at

last being rescued.





## MERRY MOMENTS:

**CIRCUS-OWNER:** Joe, you must shoot that escaped leopard on the spot!

Joe: But which spot, sir?—

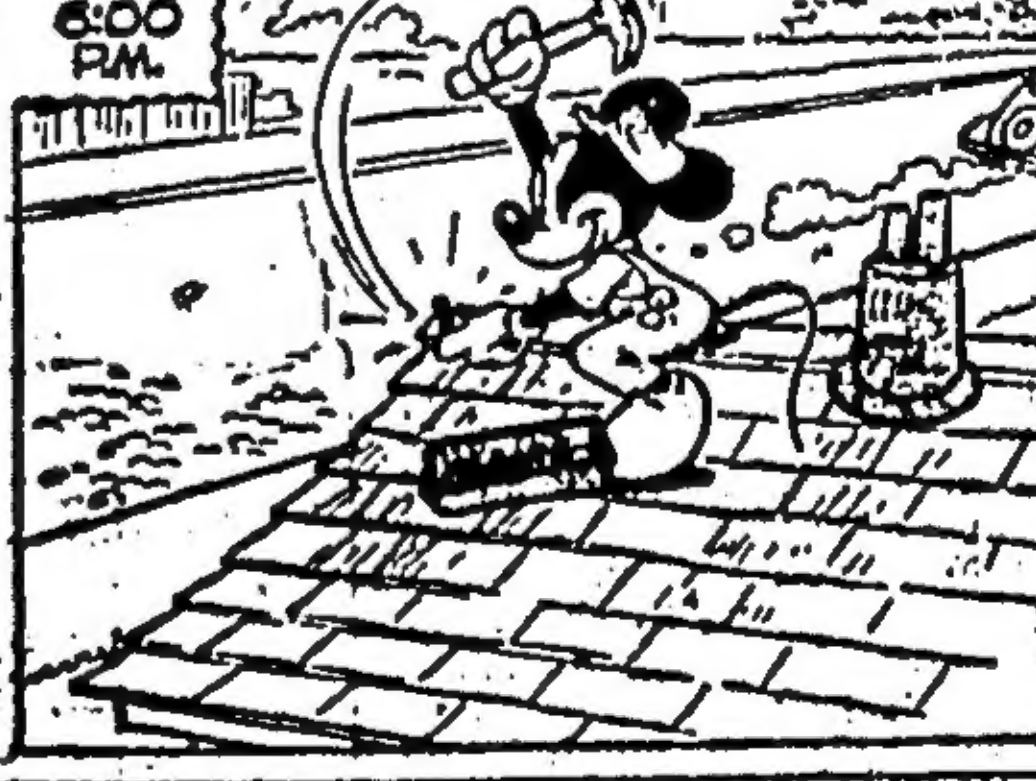
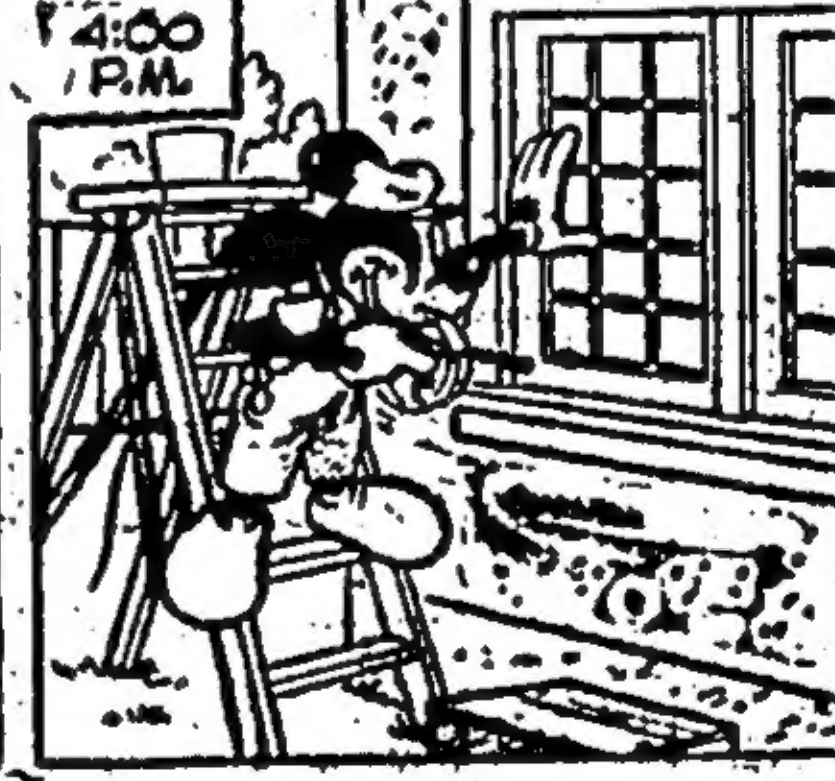
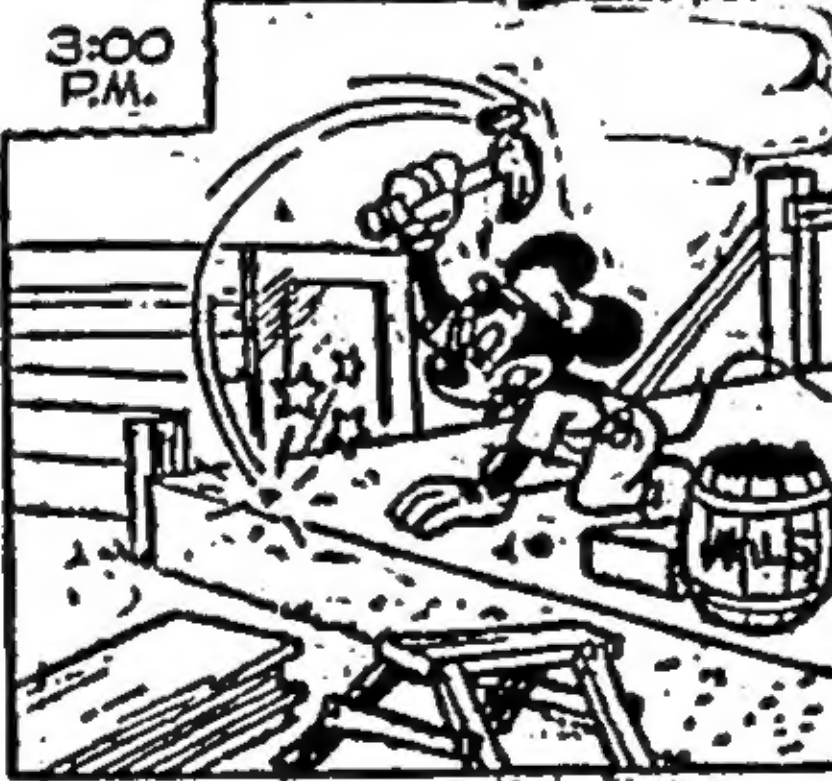
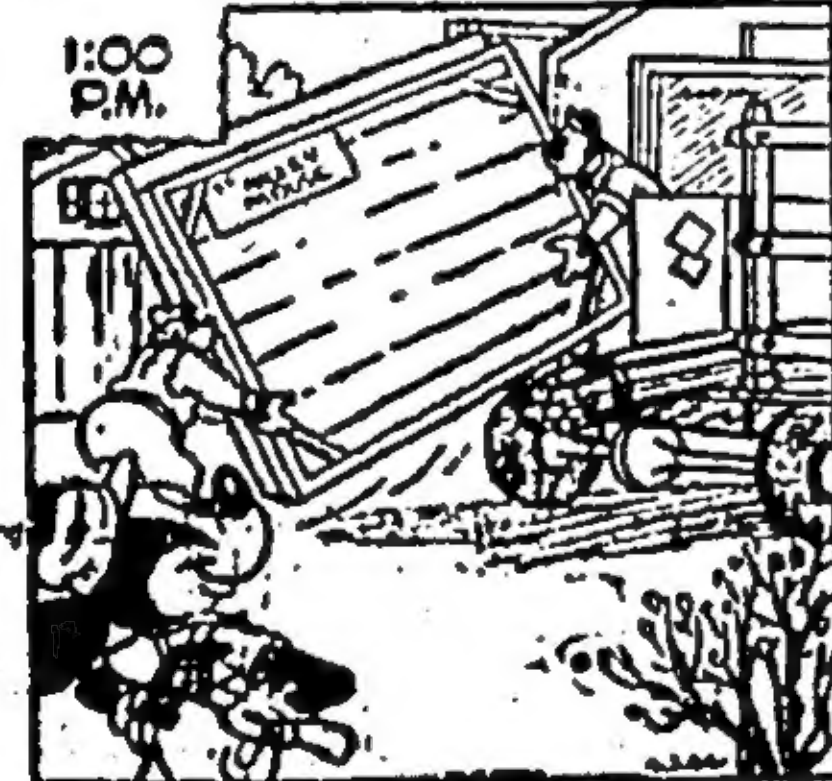
WHEN is a hit like a hat—  
When it is felt .

WHEN is a ship hard to  
tear?—  
When it runs up a flag.

Little Billy was taken to see Santa Claus for the first time.

"Look! There's Santa in his cave," said his mother.

"Gee, Mummy," said Billy sadly, "can't he get a flat either?"





SUNDAY, APRIL 4, 1948.

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"It is my firm belief, Brown, that if we are to preserve Freedom in this Liberty-loving land then we must ruthlessly suppress it. The Right of Free Speech can only be permitted when we all think alike."

"I entirely agree with you, Smith. How can we hope to keep our priceless Liberty, for which we fought to the death if we allow persons to hold views which differ widely from our own?"

"Personally, Brown, it galls me terribly to think in a true Democracy there should be vegetarians working in our very midst. I am not a vegetarian and I distrust them utterly."

"I have heard it rumoured, Smith, that the Forces are absolutely undermined by Roman Catholics. Frankly I could never trust the loyalty of a soldier who believed in the infallibility of the Pope."

"Just so, Brown. And imagine the folly of employing a scientist on important research work when it is a well-known fact that he is a practising spiritualist and might communicate with the enemy through a medium!"

"They say, Smith, that many of the trade unions are completely under the thumb of men who read subversive books issued by wrong-headed and bigoted publishers. I could never bring myself to reason with such persons for fear that they might disagree with me."

"Then, in the sacred name of Free Speech, they must be purged, Brown!"

"I couldn't agree more, Smith! Only by employing the repressive methods of Fascists and Communists can we hope to ward off these evil systems and give to every free-born citizen his inalienable right to keep his private opinions to himself without fear or favour."

"Oh, well put, sir! What we urgently need today is a benevolent Police State, run on truly democratic principles, with plenty of healthy witch-hunts and unceasing spying all round. And don't forget the slogan, old man: IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN HERE."

Hostess gaffs tipster with parasol

"It is considered very unsporting to tickle a fout."—From a fishing article. Rotten bad form, too, in our opinion.

The Controlled Citizens' Advice Bureau

Q: May I open a shop?  
A: That depends. How old are you? Is there another shop in your district? What controlled goods do you intend to sell? Would you not be better employed in somebody else's shop? How many forms have you filled in? Are you sure that you are not redundant? Were you wounded in the war? Do you know any clergymen or.....  
Oh, to hell with it! NO!

Q: Our meat was so tough this week that we couldn't eat it. Should I be breaking the law if I were to cut it up and use it as tap washers?  
A: Probably.

Q: While I was throwing some old books into the salvage to make room for a television set, I came across the following quotation:

Nations grow corrupt, love bondage more than liberty; bondage with ease than strenuous liberty. —Milton.

Who was this Milton, and what does he mean?

A: He was one of those old-fashioned rhyming poets, long since extinct, and he doesn't mean anything nowadays.

## Over to You

### NEWS QUIZ

1. J. Arthur Rank has been visiting America, with a view to improving Anglo-U.S. film relationships, in which he has been helped by the lifting of the 75% film tax Britain imposed on American films. What does the J. part of J. Arthur Rank stand for?

2. One of the major cities of the world reported an unidentified and unauthorized submarine off its shores this week. What city was it?

3. What is Izvestia?  
4. A prominent figure in U.S. politics was this week accused of being "pompous and self-opinionated", and a "complete failure" at his job—one of the most important in the world. Who was this?

5. B.O.A.C. is shifting its headquarters and flight terminal from Poole to its pre-war site. Where is the new terminal?

6. What play was staged by the Hong Kong Stage Club this week?

7. Where is the Conference of Freedom of Information being held? Among other things it is trying to determine the rights and status of journalists the world over.

8. What day of what month has been provisionally set for the adoption of Summer Time in Hong Kong?  
(Answers in Page Two)

### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Personality parade: In Japan he is called Miki Kuchi, in Sweden Musso Pika, in France Michel Souris. What is his name in English-speaking nations?

2. Joseph Bell was a surgeon at the Edinburgh Infirmary, towards the close of the 19th Century. As a surgeon he was well-known, if not famous, but is known to history mainly because he served as the prototype for one of the most famous of all literary figures. He was a contemporary of Professor Rutherford, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Oscar Wilde. What famous hero is based on him?

3. What sea mammal never walks, and what sea bird never flies?

4. Back again to books: In literature, what lands are referred to as Iberia, Cathay, Muscovy?

5. What kind of bridge is one in which the roadway is hung from cables, without support from below?

6. Christabel and Emmeline Pankhurst lead the militant suffragettes of Britain to political victory. Which one of this mother-and-daughter team was the mother?

7. Sure and begorra, and wud ye be knowing? the capital of Northern Ireland, now?

8. Was Hans Holbein a German or a Dutch painter?  
(Answers in Page Four)

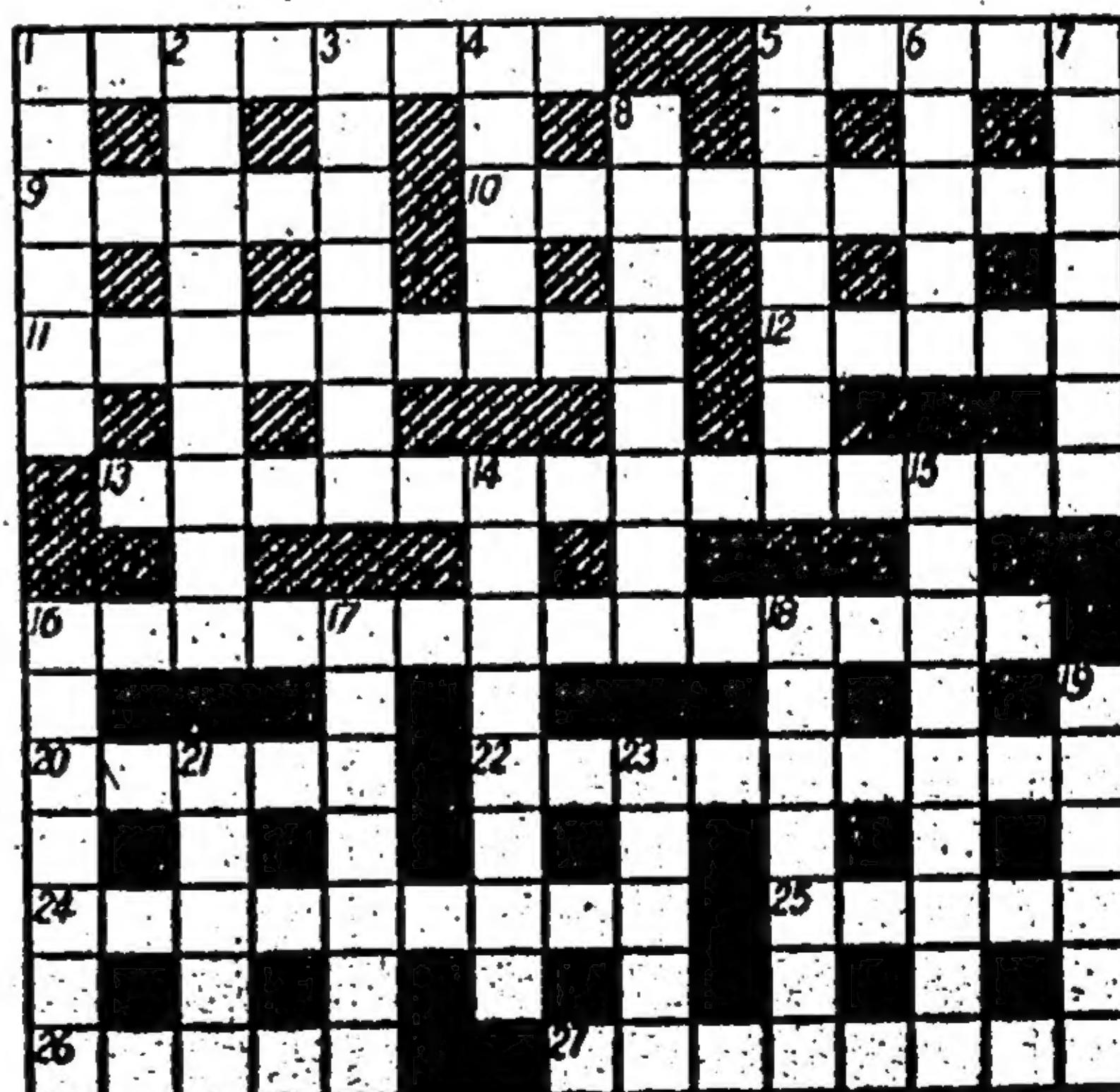
## THE SUNDAY HERALD CROSSWORD No. 50

### ACROSS

- 1 What colonists do when they return to their mother country? (8)
- 5 "One road leads to London, One road runs to—, My road leads me seawards" (Masefield). (5)
- 9 But he could write as well as what his name suggests. (5)
- 10 Literally sweet flower. (6, 3)
- 11 Forbidden offer of public-house employee. (9)
- 12 Even in this cut off place there is no vacant tenancy. (5)
- 13 Covent Garden producer. (6, 8)
- 16 See 8.
- 20 Samuel's great-grand-father who befriended Job. (5)
- 22 Taken in because empty-headed presumably. (9)
- 24 Not hop harvest but harvest hop. (4, 5)
- 25 It appears to be in the cast of "Hamlet." (5)
- 26 Relieved if you get pleased. (5)
- 27 Time for a spinster to jump to it? (4, 4)

### DOWN

- 1 Devest? (6)
- 2 Steps in the legal argument? (9)
- 3 There was silence once upon it in Darien. (3, 4)
- 4 How tied up the Victorians were (5)
- 5 How Jack's dog bothered the cat. (7)
- 6 Just the place for a buttonhole. (5)
- 7 Usual sleeping place a few years ago. (7)
- 8 18 A. The rarest date (8, 3, 6, 5)
- 14 The odds just before lunch time. (3, 2, 3)
- 15 Non-receiving statement. (3, 2, 4)
- 16 "High instincts before which our mortal nature Did—like a guilty thing surprised" (Wordsworth). (7)
- 17 Most dangerous sort of tiger. (7)
- 18 Not the sort of frosting to put on an airman's piece of cake. (5, 2)
- 19 What he says goes on paper. (6)
- 21 Giant of the mountains in 5 across. (5)
- 23 Unravel the sheet. (5)



SOLUTION TO No. 49.—Across: 1 Cataract, 5 Jamjar, 10 Like a Dutch Uncle, 11 Inner Tubes, 12 Palm, 14 Entice, 15 Records, 16 Leander, 19 Bethel, 22 Arac, 23 Winebibber, 25 Keep off the Grass, 26 Nestor, 27 Entrusts.

Down: 1 Collided, 2 Taking the Waters, 3 Road Racing, 4 Caucus, 6 Arum, 7 Jack and the Beans, 8 Rhelms, 9 Schemes, 13 Forefinger, 16 Reliefs, 17 Florists, 20 Catkin, 21 Peashen, 24 Dodo.



## BRIDGE

By YARBOROUGH

About two hands in three can be classified as normal because they do not contain either a singleton or a void in suit. On these hands high cards have their full value, while as hands grow more and more abnormal in pattern the value of their high cards decreases more and more. The bidder who bases his bids too fully on high cards is lost on these hands. This example shows how the total value of East's and West's high cards was reduced by ruffing in abnormal hands.

S 6  
H Q J 7 x x  
D A K Q 9 x  
C x x  
SA 9874  
H 109886  
D x x  
CA 10 x  
SK 10 5 2  
H none  
DJ 10 x x x  
CK 9 x

West was dealer at the score game to East and West when this hand was played at some tables in a competition. At only half of the tables was a contract found in the right denomination—Diamonds. At one table the bidding proceeded: West 1 H, North Pass, East 4 H, South 4 S, which was doubled and one down. Not only was North's psychology poor in passing the bid of 1 H, but there is also another consideration here.

The reader will have noticed the remarkably close symmetry in the (two-suit) patterns of all four hands. This suggests analogous patterns of the four suits. North, with his 5, 5, 2, 1 pattern of hand should have considered the possibility of an analogous pattern of Diamonds in the four hands. His partner or an opponent might have five Diamonds. It is true that there are two opponents, but only one partner, but on the other hand what a fit there is in Diamonds if it is the partner who holds the other long Diamonds!

The effect of this fit in Diamonds was that eleven tricks were actually made at half of the tables. East's and West's six high cards were reduced to two trick-taking cards only.



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